

# BLUE BOLT

October

10¢

BLUE BOLT



W. E.  
Rowland

Featuring:

## BLUE BOLT

SUB-ZERO MAN  
SERGEANT SPOOK  
SUPERHORSE  
PHANTOM HUB  
DUCK COLE  
RUNAWAY BOKSON

And Others

Vol. 1—No. 5





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM





# BLUE BOLT

October

10<sup>c</sup>

BLUE BOLT

W. E.  
Rowland

Featuring:  
**BLUE BOLT**  
SUB-ZERO MAN  
SERGEANT SPOOK  
SUPERHORSE  
PHANTOM SUB  
DICK COLE  
RUNAWAY RONSON

And Others

Vol. 1—No. 5

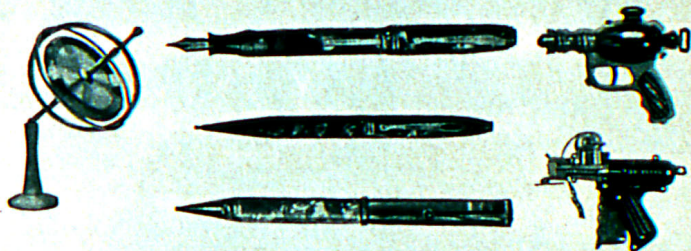


# FREE PRIZES FOR YOU

**NO CONTESTS TO ENTER. EVERY BLUE BOLT READER WINS**

Each month there is a coupon in BLUE BOLT COMICS like the one at the bottom of this page. A similar coupon of equal value also appears in each issue of TARGET COMICS, BLUE BOLT'S companion magazine.

CUT THESE COUPONS OUT. SAVE THEM UNTIL YOU HAVE ENOUGH TO GET ABSOLUTELY FREE ONE OF THE PRIZES SHOWN ON THIS PAGE OR ONE OF THE MANY OTHER PRIZES LISTED IN THE PRIZE CIRCULAR.



SEND FOR THE PRIZE CIRCULAR TODAY. It will give you a list of all the prizes you can get just by reading BLUE BOLT and TARGET COMICS and will tell you how many coupons you need to save for each prize.

Just send a penny postal card to BLUE BOLT, 292 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. and say, "PLEASE SEND ME YOUR PRIZE LIST." Print your address plainly.

*Do not mail this coupon when you send for Prize List.*

## BLUE BOLT PRIZE COUPON

This coupon, clipped from BLUE BOLT, will be redeemed according to the terms of the BLUE BOLT Prize List. Write for your Prize List to BLUE BOLT, 292 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

**Read**

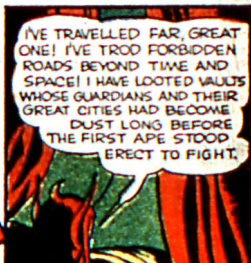
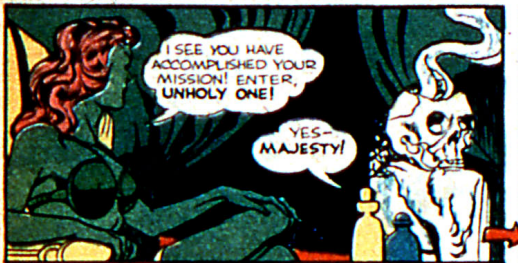
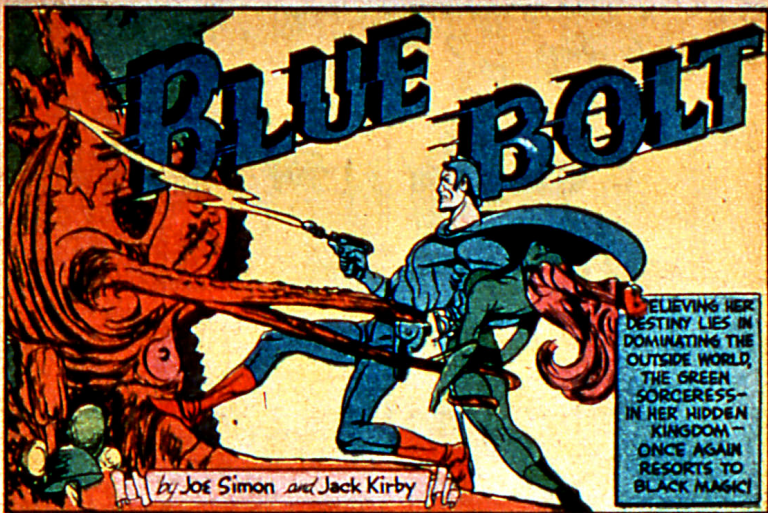
**BLUE BOLT  
and TARGET**

**Be A Prize Winner**

**YOU CAN'T LOSE**

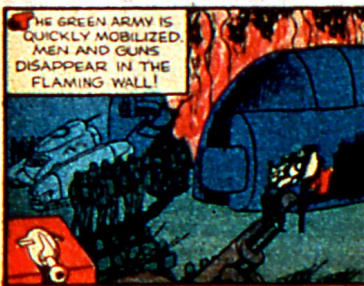
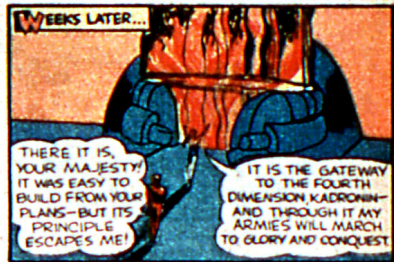
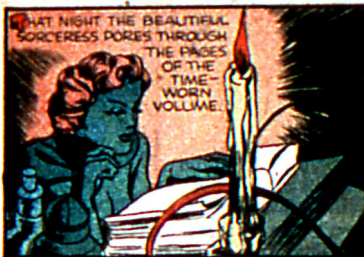
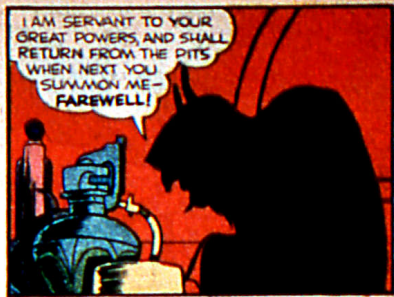
This offer is valid in any state or municipality where the redemption of coupons is prohibited, taxed or restricted.



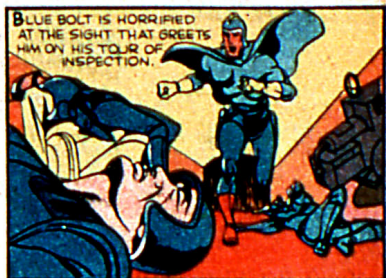


BLUE BOLT, Vol. 1, No. 8, October 1940, published monthly by Novelty Press, Inc., P. O. Box 1198, Philadelphia, Pa., editorial offices, 292 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Printed in U. S. A. Copyright, 1940, by Fungies, Incorporated, New York, N. Y. U. S. A. Price 10 cents per copy. Subscription price \$2.00 per year. Application for entry as Second-Class Matter at Philadelphia, Pa., is pending. No actual person is named or delineated in this magazine.

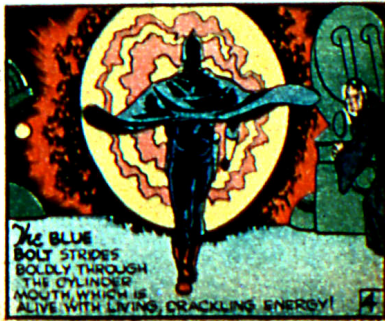
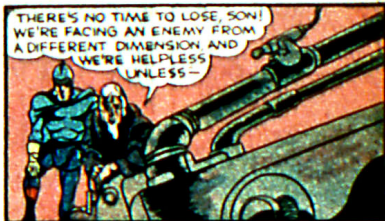
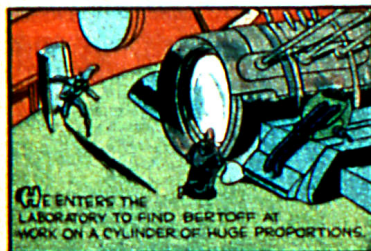
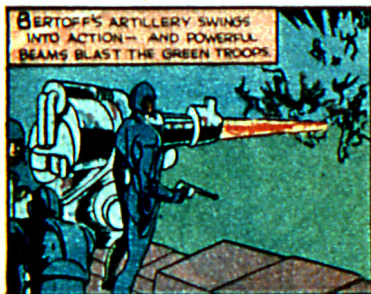




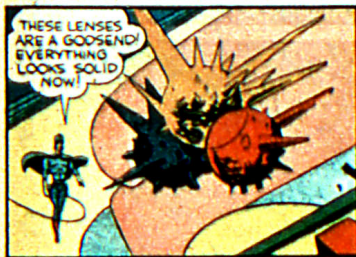
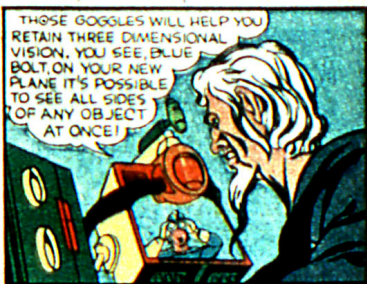
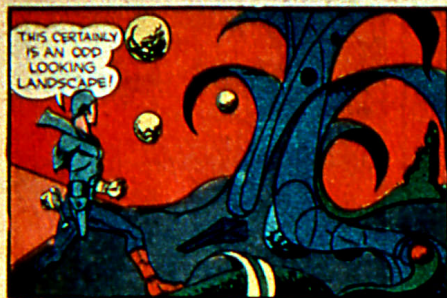




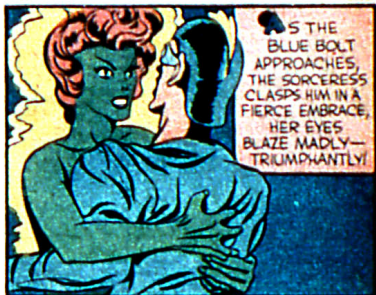
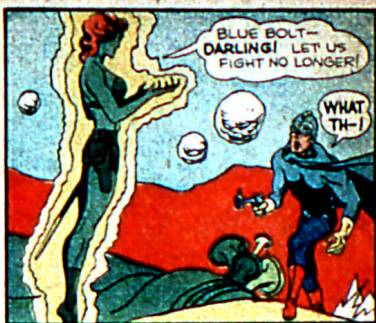




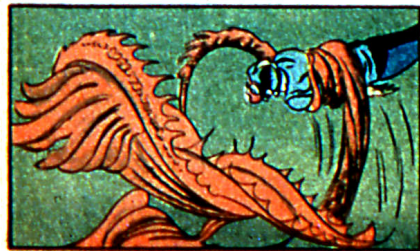




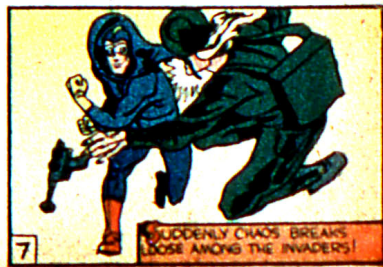
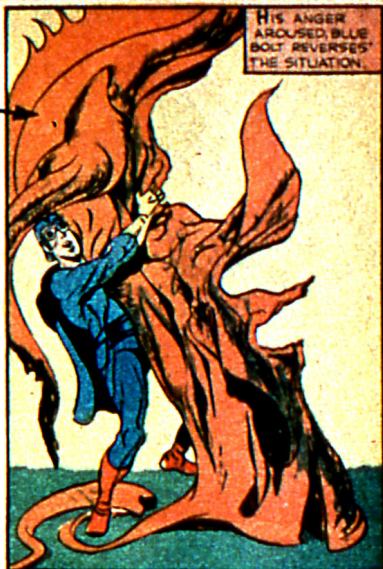




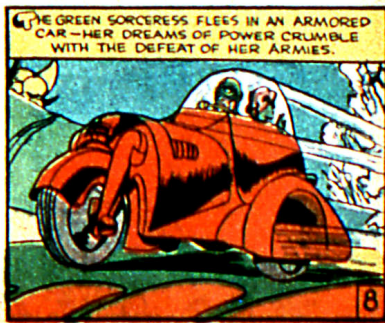
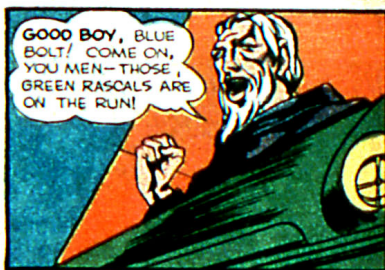
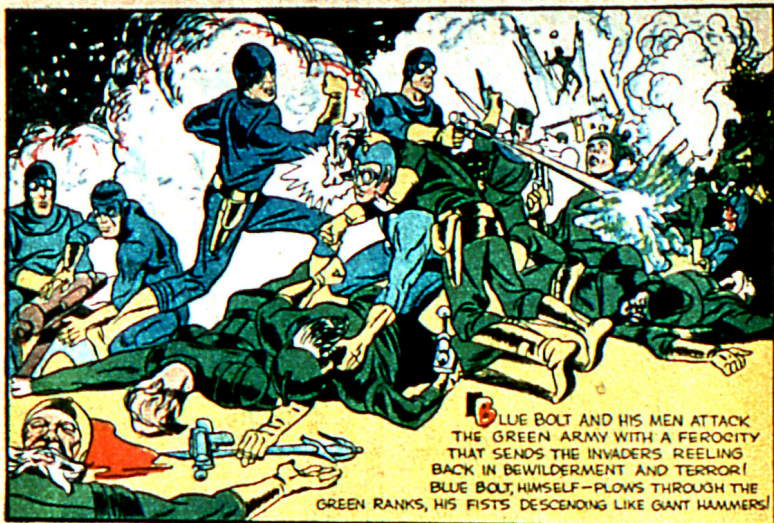
SUDDENLY THERE IS A BLINDING FLASH—THE GREEN SORCERESS VANISHES—AND IN HER PLACE IS THE REVOLTING SHAPE OF THE DREADED "DREAM PLANT," DENIZEN OF THIS NIGHTMARE WORLD WHICH TRAPS ITS PREY BY CONJURING UP VISIONS NEAREST TO ITS VICTIM'S THOUGHTS, AND LURING THEM TO ITS CRUSHING TENTACLES!



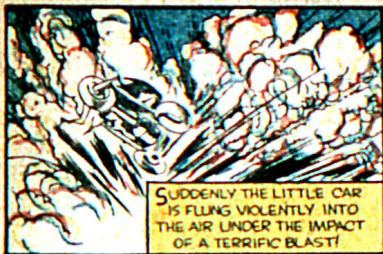












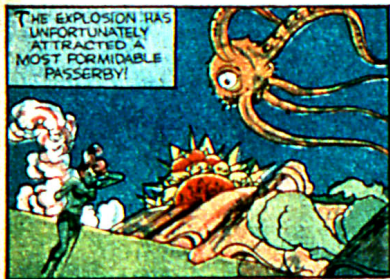
SUDDENLY THE LITTLE CAR IS FLUNG VIOLENTLY INTO THE AIR UNDER THE IMPACT OF A TERRIFIC BLAST!



A ROAD MINE, LAID BY HER OWN RETREATING FORCES TO DELAY PURSUIT, BRINGS DISASTER TO THE GREEN SORCERESS' FLIGHT!



CAPTAIN ZARNO!  
CAPTAIN ZARNO!  
OH-H-H-  
HE'S DEAD!



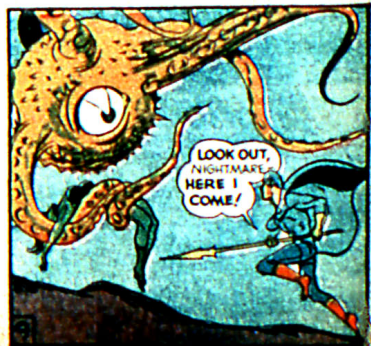
THE EXPLOSION HAS UNFORTUNATELY ATTRACTED A MOST FORMIDABLE PASSERBY!



HELP!

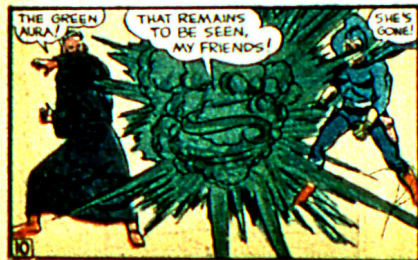
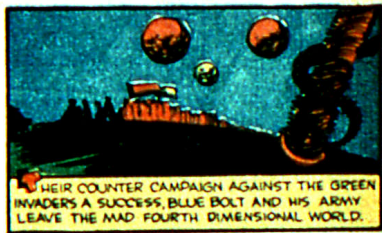
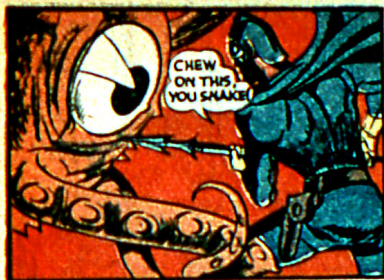


THERE'S THE VOICE OF THE SORCERESS AGAIN! LEND ME YOUR LANCE, JARED—I'M GOING TO SPEAR ME A DREAM PLANT!



LOOK OUT, NIGHTMARE! HERE I COME!







## A stylized illustration of a young man with brown hair, wearing a green military-style uniform with a yellow belt and cuffs. He is running quickly to the right, with motion lines behind him. The background is a solid reddish-brown color. The title "DICK COLE" is written in large, yellow, blocky letters with black outlines at the top. Below it, the words "Wonder" and "Boy" are written in a smaller, yellow, stylized font.

**WONDER-BOY**

DICK HAS RECEIVED AN OFFER TO GO TO HOLLYWOOD AS A STUNT MAN AND DOUBLE FOR THE FAMOUS YOUNG MOVIE STAR, *BERT HAFT*. PROFESSOR BLAIR, HIS GUARDIAN, OBJECTS TO THE SCHEME, FEARING THAT DICK WILL NOT FINISH HIS SCHOOLING. BUT DICK HAS PROMISED TO RETURN TO FARR MILITARY ACADEMY IN THE FALL, AND THE PROFESSOR IS WEAKENING....

IT WILL BE A WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE FOR THE BOY. SUE BETTY LEE AND BERT HART, OUR STAR TEAM, ARE YOUNGSTERS, TOO.

AND GEE, DAD, WITH ALL THAT MONEY—  
THREE HUNDRED A WEEK—I CAN PARTLY  
REPAY YOU FOR ALL YOU'VE DONE FOR ME!  
AND HONESTLY, I'LL GO BACK TO FARR!

IT ISN'T THE MONEY,  
DOC. BUT HELL, YES!

GOSH, HOLLYWOOD  
DOESN'T SCARE ME.  
DAD! AND I PROMISE  
TO COME BACK IN  
THE FALL!

AND I'LL HELP  
HIM KEEP THAT  
PROMISE,  
PROFESSOR!

WELL—A  
RIGHT. I  
AGREE!

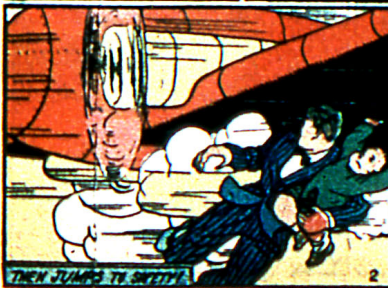
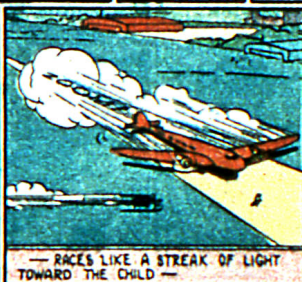
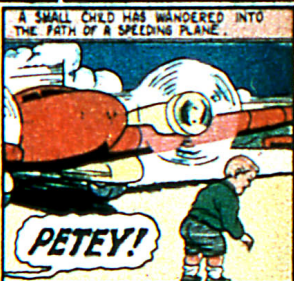
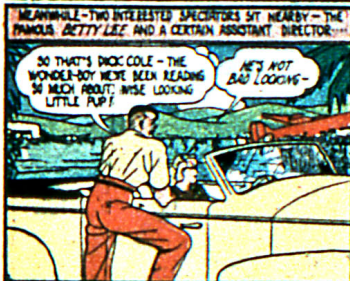
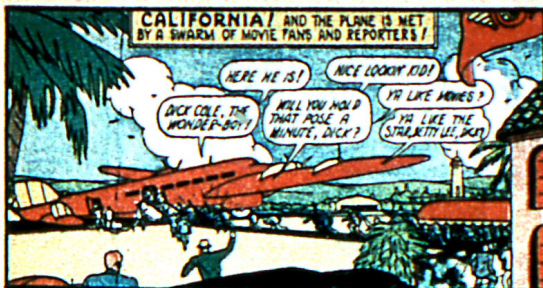
FINE, SURE I'LL HAVE YOUR  
ACCEPTANCE IMMEDIATELY!

OH-H-H-  
ROY!

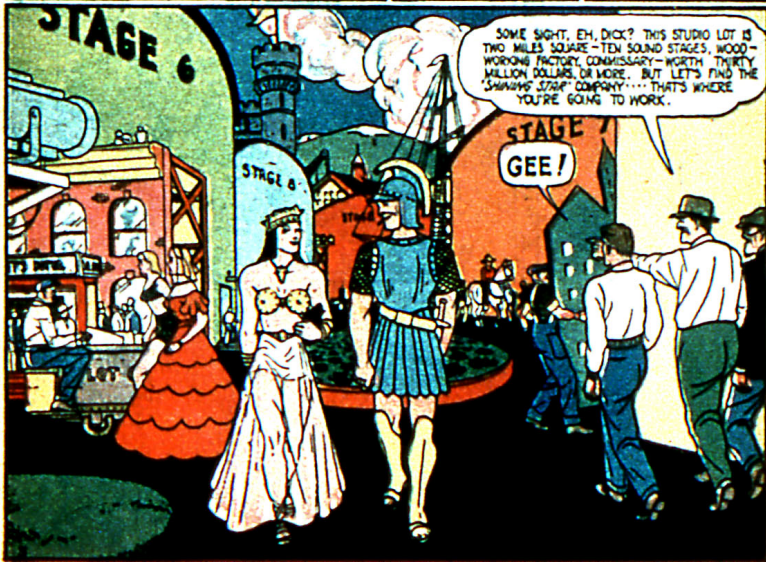
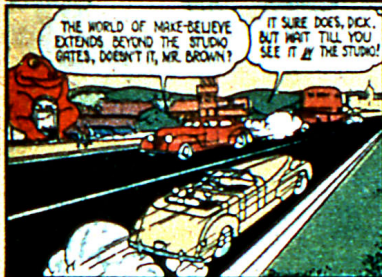
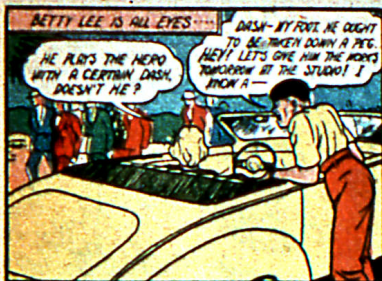
THE NEXT MORNING FINDS THEM HIGH IN THE CLOUDS WINGING WEST TO HOLLYWOOD!

CALIFORNIA, HERE WE COME!

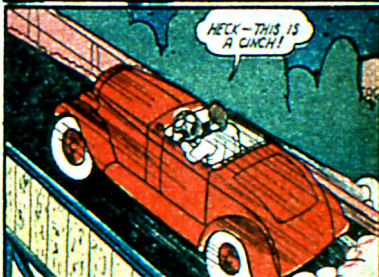
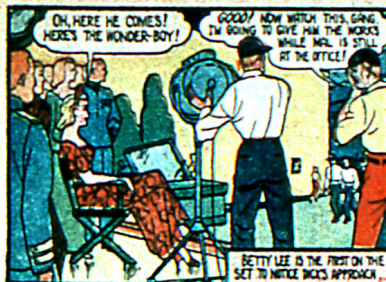














MEANWHILE—BERT HART, THE ACTOR, AND TRO MALCOLM, THE HEAD DIRECTOR, APPROACH THE SCENE—

WHAT IN THE SM-HILL IS GOING ON UP THERE!



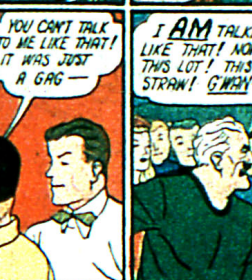
AS THE CAR WHIRLS THROUGH SPACE, DICK LEAPS FREE OF IT—



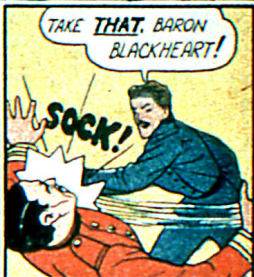
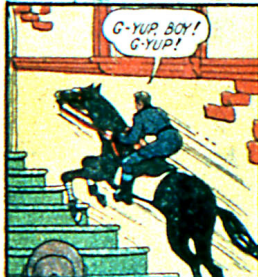
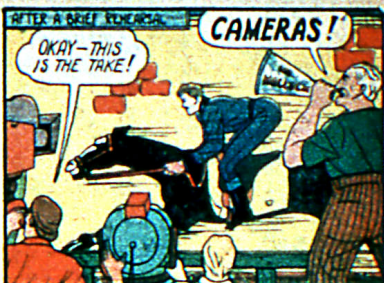
CLUNGES DESPERATELY AT A STONY LENGTH OF ROPE ATTACHED TO THE STAGING—



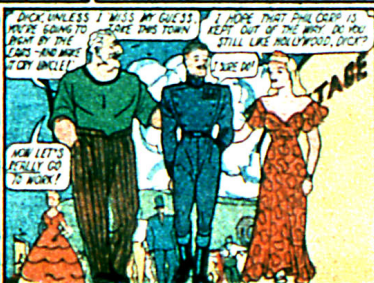
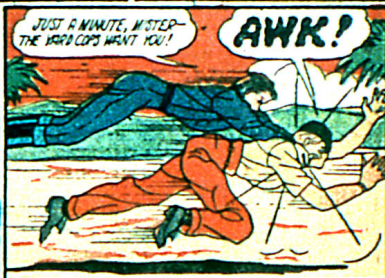
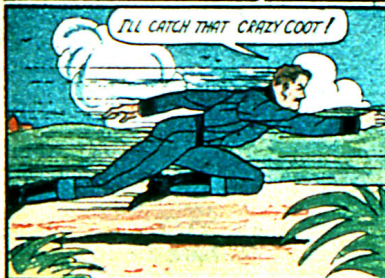
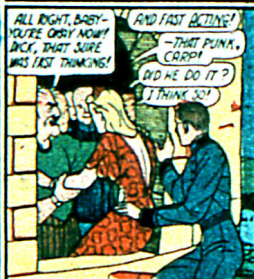
AND DESCENDS TO THE GROUND—



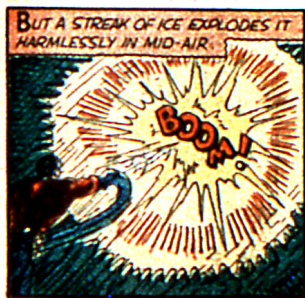
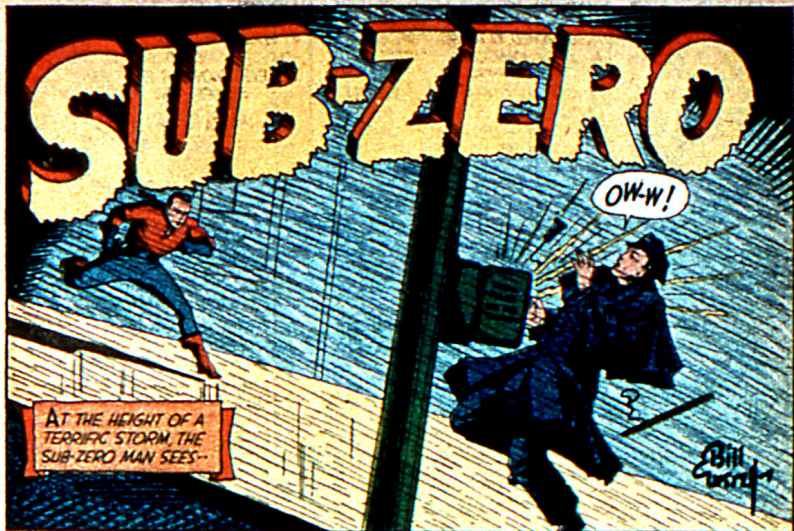




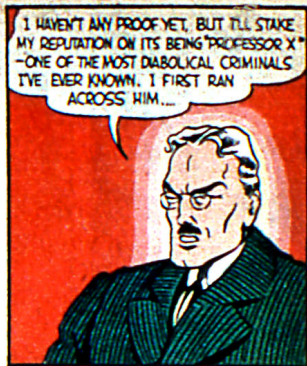








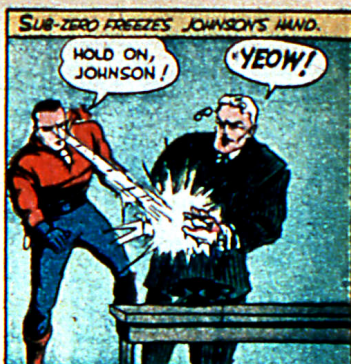




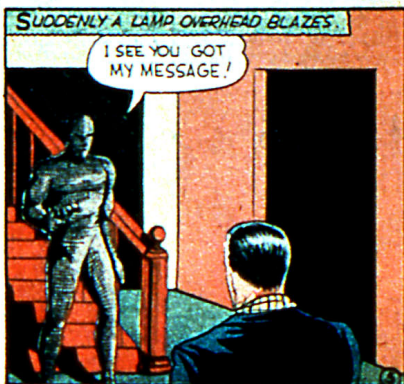
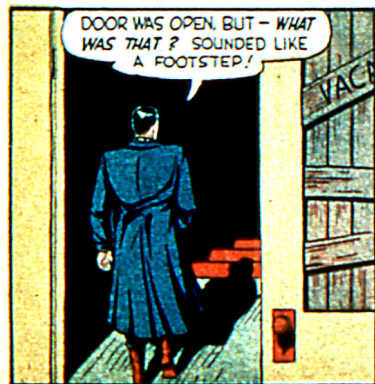
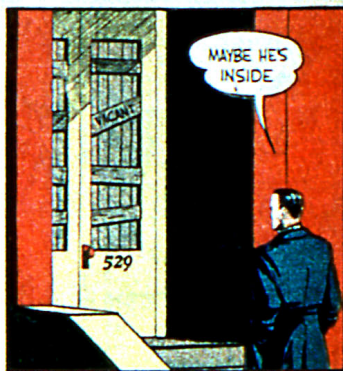










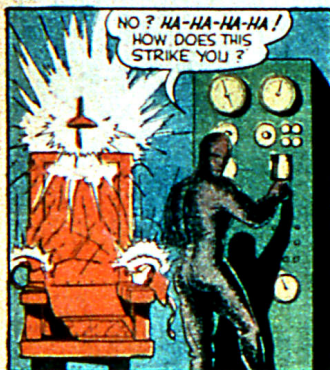
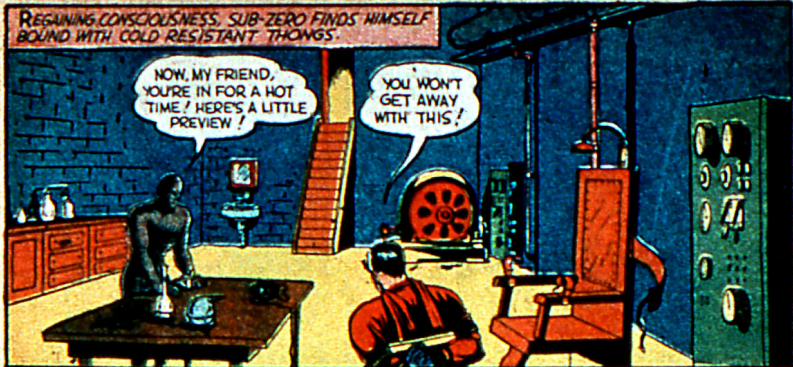








REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS, SUB-ZERO FINDS HIMSELF BOUND WITH COLD RESISTANT THINGS.





AS PROFESSOR X PREPARES TO SHAVE SUB-ZERO'S HEAD FOR THE ELECTRODE CAP...

SO YOU'RE GOING TO MURDER ME, EH?



SAVE YOUR BREATH, AND STOP SHOUTING! THE WALLS ARE SOUNDPROOF!



THAT WAS CLEVER OF YOU-LEAVING A MESSAGE SIGNED WITH THE D.A.'S NAME, AND TELLING ME TO COME HERE TO 529 DRAKE STREET, WASN'T IT PROFESSOR?



TOO BAD YOU WON'T LIVE TO SEE HOW CLEVER I REALLY AM!



SUB-ZERO CLOSES HIS EYES, RELEASING HIS GAZE UPON THE PHONE, FEARING THE PROFESSOR MIGHT SUSPECT.

AS THE ICE MELTS, THE RECEIVER DROPS INTO PLACE IN ITS CRADLE, BREAKING THE CONNECTION.

CLICK!



LATER -

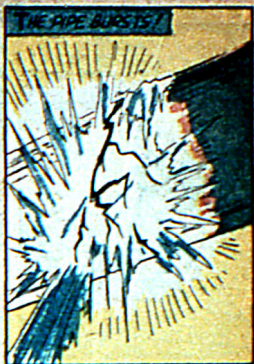
NO HELP YET! I WONDER IF THAT MESSAGE GOT THROUGH?



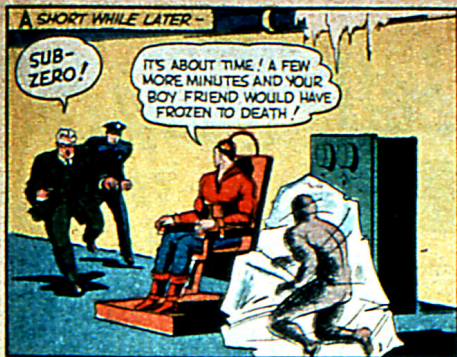
JUST ABOUT READY, SUB-ZERO. MY FRIEND!







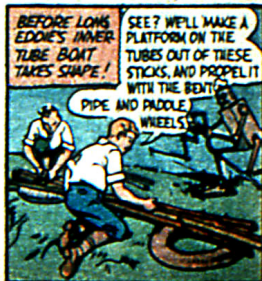
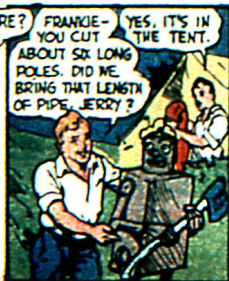
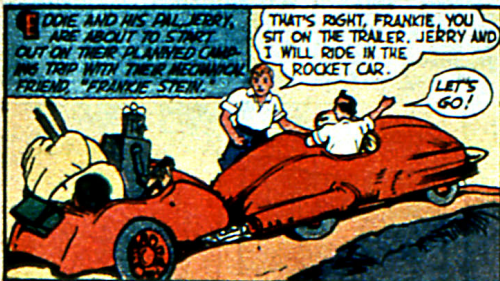






# Edison Bell

Young Inventor

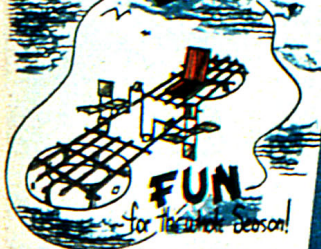




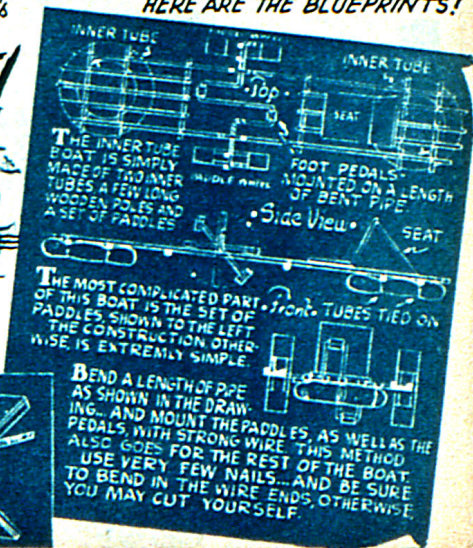


HEY-FELLOWS! Make Eddie's

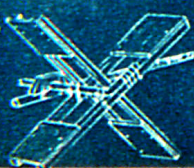
# INNER TUBE Boat!



HERE ARE THE BLUEPRINTS!



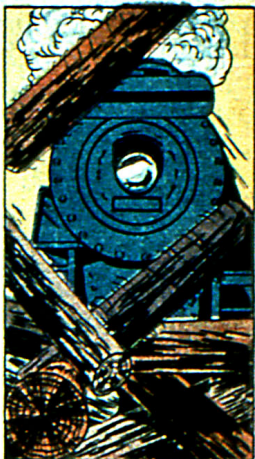
NAIL FOUR THIN PIECES OF WOOD TO THE LONGER STICKS... AND ATTACH WITH WIRE TO THE BENT PIPE AS SHOWN...







**S**ERGEANT SPOOK - WHO WAS ACCIDENTALLY KILLED IN THE LINE OF DUTY - CONTINUES TO FIGHT CRIME AND CRIMINALS IN HIS GHOSTLY FORM.



**A**S THEY ROUND A CURVE, THE ENGINEER SEES -



**T**HE ENGINEER APPLIES THE BRAKES, BUT TOO LATE. THE LIMITED PLOWS INTO THE LOGS.



SERGEANT SPOOK-WHO HAS BEEN ABOARD THE TRAIN-RACES TOWARD THE ENGINE.



HMM- LOGS ON THE TRACK! THAT'S FUNNY!



SUDDENLY SHOTS RING OUT FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE BAGGAGE CAR.



SERGEANT SPOOK REACHES THE CAR JUST AS A MASKED BANDIT LEAPS DOWN CARRYING A MAIL BAG.



BOTH MEN STOP DEAD IN THEIR TRACKS, TO THEIR GREAT SURPRISE, THEY'RE BOTH GHOSTS.



WAL IF IT AIN'T ONE OF THEM MODERN GHOSTS!

WHO ARE YOU?



ME? WHY I'M JESSE JAMES!



JESSE JAMES! AND YOU'RE STILL ROBBING TRAINS!

YEAH! I JUST CAN'T SEEM TO BREAK THE HABIT!



WELL- THIS IS ONE TRAIN YOU WON'T ROB!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!



SPOOK SOCKS THE GHOST BANDIT AND SENDS HIM SPRAWLING.



JESSE JAMES DRAWS A GUN!

DON'T BE SILLY! YOU KNOW BULLETS WON'T HURT ME!

THESE WALL! THIS IS A GHOST GUN!



AS SERGEANT SPOOK MAKES A GRAB FOR JESSE'S GUN, THE GHOST BANDIT FIRES- AND SPOOK SLUMPS TO THE GROUND.





JESSE JAMES LEISURELY  
PICKS UP THE MAIL BAG.  
THEN —



WHISTLES, AND UP GALLOPS  
HIS GHOST HORSE.



ABOUT AN HOUR LATER,  
SERGEANT SPOOK RECOVERS



AND FINDING THE INVIS-  
IBLE TRACKS OF THE GHOST  
HORSE, HE TRAILS THEM.



FOURS LATER SPOOK IS IN  
THE HEART OF THE CITY.



IF I KNOW JESSE JAMES,  
HE'LL BE STOPPING AT  
THE BEST  
HOTEL IN  
TOWN!



SPOOK ENTERS THE  
HOTEL MASTER.



SUDDENLY  
SPOOK  
STOPS  
AND  
STARES  
FOR  
APPROACH-  
ING HIM  
IS  
ANOTHER  
GHOST.



I'M BOB FORD - ONE OF  
HIS GANG.  
AREN'T YOU THE SAME ONE  
WHO BETRAYED HIM WHEN  
HE WAS ALIVE?



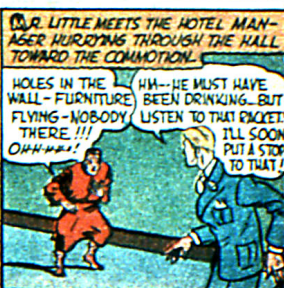
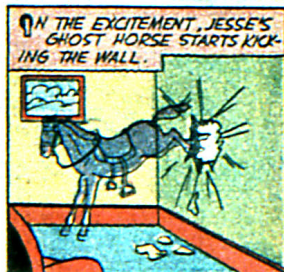
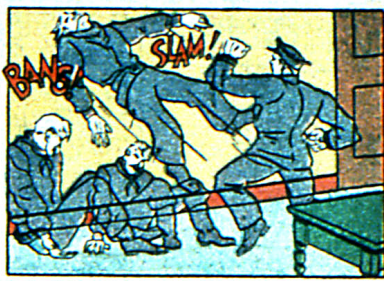
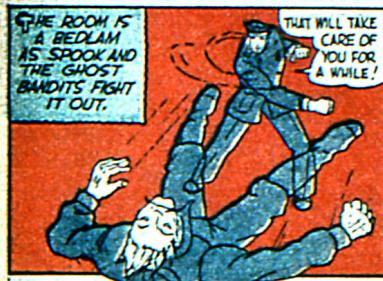
YEAH - HE'S GIVEN  
ME ANOTHER CHANCE,  
BUT I JUST CAN'T  
BREAK THE HABIT.



WHY YOU -













# OLD CAP HAWKIN'S TALES

You gotta keep cool in an emergency, lad! That's what Colonel Prescott meant at Bunker Hill when he said -



Old Captain Hawkins, the ex-mariner, entertains his little pal, Joey, with stories of our country's great traditions - and the words that make them remembered.

**"Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes."**



In 1775 the Colonists, convinced that war was inevitable, began to cache their military stores.



On April 17th of that year, General Gage, British Commander in Boston, ordered their caches destroyed.

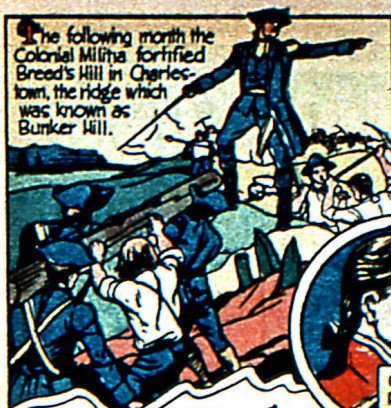


Paul Revere warned the countryside of the coming raids.



At Concord the Colonial Militia ambushed the raiders in what is now known as the "Battle of Concord."





The following month the Colonial Militia fortified Breed's Hill in Charlestown, the ridge which was known as Bunker Hill.



The troops were commanded by Colonel William Prescott when General Warren courteously stepped aside in his favor.

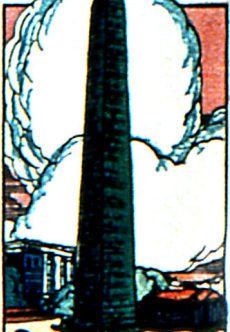
COLONEL  
PRESCOTT

GENERAL  
WARREN

On June 17th, as the British under General Gage attacked Bunker Hill, Prescott shouted his famous command: "Do not fire until you see the whites of their eyes."



General Warren, fighting as a private in the Colonial Militia, was killed. When generals are willing to fight as privates, it is significant of a faith in freedom that is unconquerable.



This monument marks the sight of the Battle of Bunker Hill, where Prescott gave his famous order to the Colonists.



KERLEY MOONSKIN, BUFFALO HUNTER, TRAPPER AND TRADER, WAS HOLDING LOGS LIKE AND SHOOSER HOLD OFF A PANGEL OF INDIANS. BUT WHEN THEIR AMMUNITION RAN OUT, KERLEY WAMOOED LEAVING THEM TO BE CAPTURED BY CHIEF "TAKE-A-POKE" AND HIS "KICK-A-PATCHEE" WARRIORS.

NODE, I DON'T SEE HIS DUST NO WHERE, NO HOW!

# Pony Tracks

by JACK A. WARDEN

YOU'RE JUST LOOKIN' FOR MORE TROUBLE AND GRIEF FOR US! 'SIDES IF I FIND THAT LITTLE VARMINT-I'LL-TLL-

YOU KEEP ON READIN' SIGNS. I'LL DO A LITTLE MEDITATION ON WAY WE WANT TO FIND HIM.



HUMPH! LOOKS LIKE INJUN FIRE TO ME.

IT'S HIZZIN'!



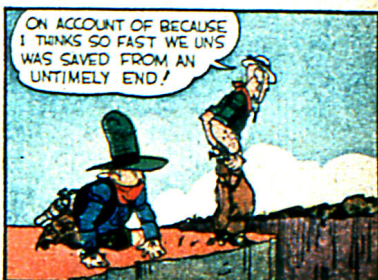
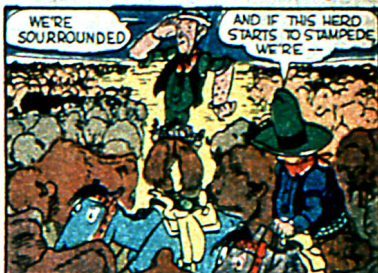
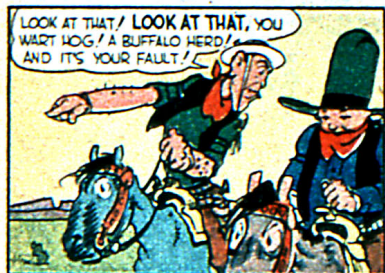
WE'VE BEEN RIDIN' HIS TRAIL FOR A WEEK, AN' ALL WE'VE FOUND IS HEAT, DUST AND CACTUS, AND NOW WE'RE MAKIN' DRY CAMP. NO SIGN OF WATER OR FOOD. JUST S'MORE OF YOUR BRIGHT IDEAS!



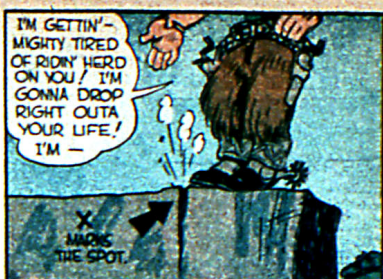
KEEP RIDIN', COWBOY! - UM-M- I SHORE COULD AGITATE SOME BUCKWHEAT PANCAKES AND SORGUM MOLASSES RIGHT NOW. IF I HAD A DRINK OF WATER- A DRINK OF WATER- WATER - WATER - WATER -



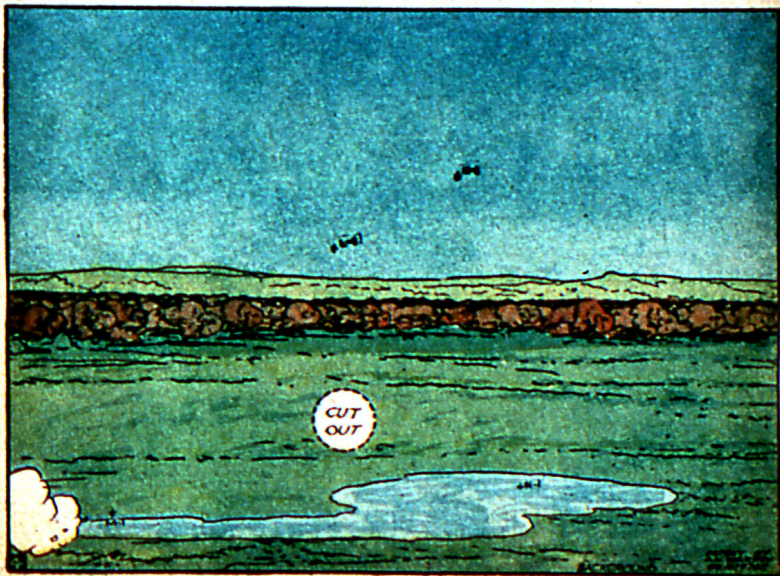
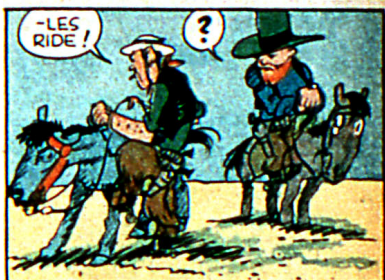




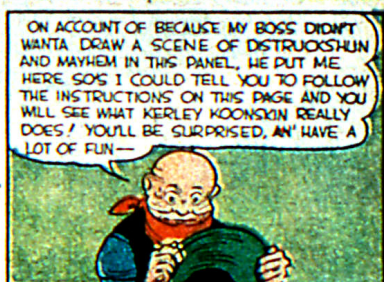








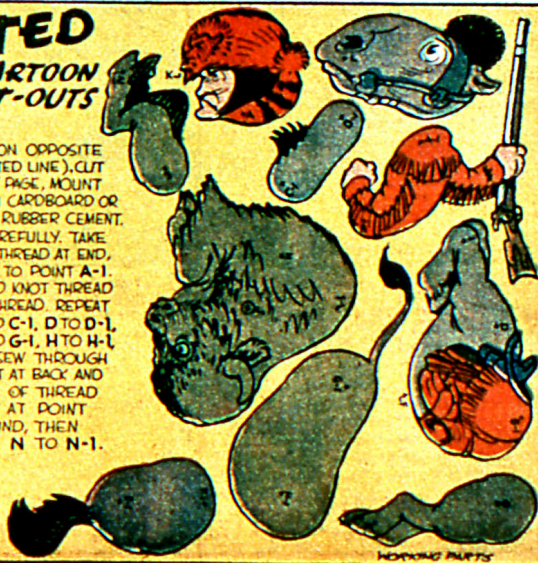




# JACK A. WARREN'S ANIMATED CARTOON CUT-OUTS

## DIRECTIONS:

CUT OUT BACKGROUND ON OPPOSITE PAGE, CUT OUT HOLE (DOTTED LINE), CUT OUT WORKING PARTS ON THIS PAGE, MOUNT BACKGROUND AND PARTS ON CARDBOARD OR STIFF PAPER WITH PASTE OR RUBBER CEMENT. CUT OUT WORKING PARTS CAREFULLY. TAKE NEEDLE AND THREAD, KNOT THREAD AT END, SEW THROUGH AT POINT A TO POINT A-1. DRAW PARTS TOGETHER AND KNOT THREAD AT BACK, UP CLOSE. CUT THREAD. REPEAT AT POINTS B TO B-1, C TO C-1, D TO D-1, E TO E-1, F TO F-1, G TO G-1, H TO H-1, AND I TO I-1. AT POINT J SEW THROUGH WITH DOUBLE THREAD, KNOT AT BACK AND LEAVE ABOUT TWO INCHES OF THREAD FOR HANDLE. NEXT SEW AT POINT K TO K-1 ON BACKGROUND, THEN L TO L-1, M TO M-1, AND N TO N-1. PULL THREAD AT POINT J THROUGH HOLE IN BACKGROUND AND TURN IN ROTARY MOTION.

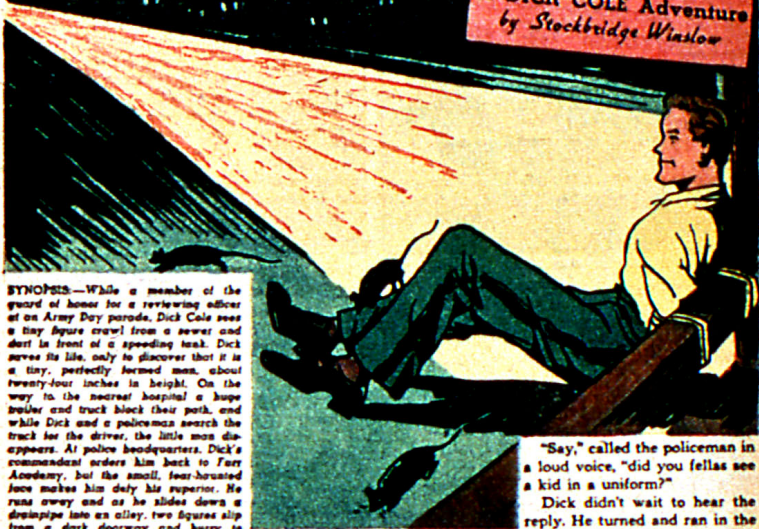




# THE MYSTERY OF THE LITTLE MEN

Faintly, as though from a great distance, Dick heard the strange scraping noise. Then suddenly it became louder, and a quavering high-pitched voice shrilled out.

A DICK COLE Adventure  
by Stockbridge Winslow



**SYNOPSIS.**—While a member of the guard of honor for a reviewing officer at an Army Day parade, Dick Cole sees a tiny figure crawl from a sewer and dart in front of a speeding tank. Dick saves its life, only to discover that it is a tiny, perfectly formed man, about twenty-four inches in height. On the way to the nearest hospital a huge boiler and truck block their path, and while Dick and a policeman search the truck for the driver, the little man disappears. At police headquarters, Dick's commandant orders him back to Fort Academy, but the small, fear-haunted face makes him defy his superior. He runs away and as he slides down a drainpipe into an alley, two figures slip from a dark doorway and hurry to meet him.

**T**EN feet above the ground, Dick let go of the drainpipe and dropped. As his feet struck, an arm circled his neck and jerked his head back. His next act was almost automatic. Dick swept his right hand up over his shoulder and grabbed the collar of his attacker. At the same instant he snapped his powerful body forward. The man hurtled over Dick's head, crashed into the brick wall and crumpled on the ground.

A fist crashed against Dick's ear. He staggered back, stumbled over the fallen man, caught himself and dove for the second man. The fury of Dick's attack broke down the other's guard, his fists thudded twice in quick succession, and the man turned and ran.

Dick spun around to see the second man stumble drunkenly to his feet and follow his companion. A cop suddenly appeared at the mouth of the alley, and both men slowed down to a walk.

"Say," called the policeman in a loud voice, "did you fellas see a kid in a uniform?"

Dick didn't wait to hear the reply. He turned and ran in the other direction. As he pounded out into the street at the end of the alley a green and white police car braked suddenly. The doors burst open and the two policemen leaped out.

"Hey, you!" one shouted. "Hold on!"

Dick sprinted down the street after a speeding truck. Though it was travelling fast, he overtook the vehicle and hauled himself onto the tailboard. The cops were back in their coupe, frantically trying to turn it around in the narrow street.



Dick was certain of one thing: his uniform gave him away. He crawled into the empty truck and tore off his cap, blouse and belt, and even his necktie. Then, as the truck slowed for a corner, he dropped to the street and melted into the crowd.

A few blocks away he found a vacant lot and a mudpuddle. He mussed his hair and smeared his clean pants with dirt. Then, hands deep in his pockets, shoulders bent, he continued on, the direct opposite of Dick Cole, the snappy cadet.

At a nearby store, Dick bought a small flashlight. He had a plan for locating the little man, but would have to wait until nightfall.

**M**IDNIGHT found Dick at the sewer from which the little man had crawled. The grandstand that had been across the street was gone, and so were the throngs of people. A few cars sped by but no one seemed to notice Dick.

Getting down, on one knee, Dick pried up the manhole cover and slid it to one side. He slipped down into the darkness and, hanging on with one hand, pulled the flashlight from his pocket and snapped it on.

Water gurgled beneath him. High up on the wall, near the low arch that permitted the water to rush in from the gutter, was a jagged hole. It looked as though the bricks had been pried loose.

Dick stuffed the flashlight into his hip pocket, then swung his body like a pendulum, faster and faster. Suddenly he let go, and his body lanced through the darkness. His outstretched fingers clutched at the rim of the hole.

The brick under his left hand pulled loose, and he heard it go bouncing down and splash in the water. Slowly and cautiously he inched his way up and into the hole. He wondered if anyone would notice the open manhole and investigate.

His flashlight revealed that he was in a narrow, damp tunnel. It was constructed of brick and

had probably at one time been used as a sewer. From the direction in which it ran, Dick judged that it passed under the avenue and into the park. The floor was cluttered with fallen bricks and a layer of mud, through which ran what appeared to be the faint trail of a small animal.

The tunnel was only three feet in diameter, and Dick was obliged to crawl. As he slipped and slithered through the mud, the stench got stronger and stronger.

The tunnel turned sharply, and Dick found his path blocked by iron bars. There were five of them, about six inches apart, set vertically in the masonry. The little man could have easily squeezed through, but not Dick.

Dick set the light down so that the beam was directed on the bars. Then he gripped one of the bars at the base. It took a half hour of pushing and pulling, but his super-strength finally won out and the concrete cracked apart. It was much easier, using the bar as a lever, to pry out two more.

He slipped through and found himself in a circular, well-like chamber. There were iron rungs set in the wall. He swung himself up and slipped through the trapdoor at the top.

His light flicked over heaps of dusty furniture and heavy stone arches that supported the ceiling. It appeared to be the basement of an old mansion.

There was a soft scuff behind him. Dick turned—but too late. A heavy body struck him, his light went flying, and he went down.

"Don't take no chances!" wheezed a voice. "Give him the needle!"

Dick was pinned face downward by a weight on his back. He felt fingers on his arm and the next instant a needle pierced his shirt sleeve and sank deep into his muscle.

A door opened and a shaft of light shot across the stone floor. Dick knew he was losing consciousness, but he managed to twist his head. His dimming eyes could barely make out a row of

little cages, and the naked little prisoners pressed against the bars—watching.

**W**HEN Dick opened his eyes he was in darkness. His head throbbed painfully from the drug that had been injected into his body. He twisted about, and discovered that he was securely bound to a thick wooden beam.

There was a faint tapping, like that of little feet, and when he turned his head he saw a pair of close-set eyes gleaming in the darkness. He looked in the other direction and saw two more sets of eyes. A small, warm body slipped over his legs.

"Rats!"

How long he lay there, motionless and perspiring, Dick never knew. Finally a bolt slid out of its socket and he heard the screech of rusty, ancient hinges.

A powerful beam of light leaped at him, blinding him. He heard the rats scurrying away. Then there was silence.

Faintly, as though from a distance, he heard a strange noise: *Scrape-clump, scrape-clump, scrape-clump.*

Then the sound became louder—very loud, and seemed to be almost on top of him. Then suddenly a quavering, high-pitched voice shrilled out.

"It's Dick Cole! The world's greatest athlete! I am fortunate!" The voice paused, then continued: "Bring him to me in an hour. Everything will be ready!"

The strange noise began again, then faded into nothingness. The light went out and the door squeaked shut.

Dick shuddered. The rats came back, but he never noticed them. He was thinking—thinking deeply.

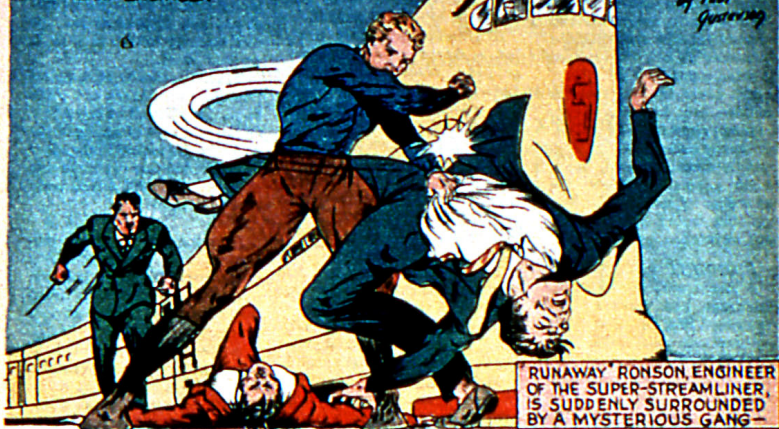
**WHO IS THE OWNER OF THE MYSTERIOUS VOICE, AND WHAT DOES HE PLAN TO DO WITH DICK COLE? FOLLOW THIS STARTLING STORY IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF BLUE BOLT**



# RUNAWAY RONSON

STREAM-ENGINEER

by Paul Gusterson



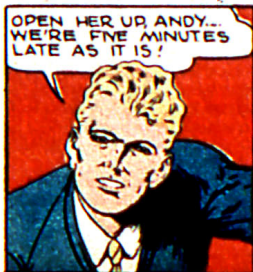
RUNAWAY RONSON, ENGINEER OF THE SUPER-STREAMLINER, IS SUDDENLY SURROUNDED BY A MYSTERIOUS GANG—



THERE'S ANOTHER ONE BEHIND YOU, RUNAWAY!



THANKS, ANDY!



OPEN HER UP, ANDY... WE'RE FIVE MINUTES LATE AS IT IS!



HIS ASSISTANT, ANDY, STARTS THE SUPER-STREAMLINER, AND IN A FLASH, RUNAWAY LEAPS TO THE OLD LADDER.







MEANWHILE, IN THE CAB OF THE SUPER STREAMLINER...

ANDY! SOMEBODY'S KNOCKING AT THE DOOR! SEE WHO IT IS!



GULD? WHAT IS IT? RUNAWAY!

THOUGHT YOU'D GET AWAY WITH IT, EH?!



YOU GUYS AGAIN! GET AWAY WITH WHAT? IF YOU DON'T MIND TELLING ME, WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, ANYWAY!



OH... A SMART GUY! SO YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT STARTING A FIGHT AN' LIFTIN' MY WATCH, EH?



WHY YOU COUPLE OF LUNATICS... WHAT DO YOU THINK I'D TAKE YOUR WATCH FOR?



RUNAWAY'S HAND BRUSHES AGAINST HIS JACKET AND HE FEELS SOMETHING GOLD....



WHERE'D THIS COME FROM? MY WATCH!



PSST... HOW MUCH TIME HAVE WE GOT? ABOUT TEN SECONDS!



YOU CHEAD CROOK... YOU AINT GETTIN' AWAY WITH IT! THIS TRAIN AIN'T MOVIN' AN INCH TILL I GET MY WATCH BACK!



THE BUS PULLS THE EMERGENCY BRAKE... AND IN A SUDDEN SCREECH, THE STREAMLINER COMES TO A STOP!





OW... MY HEAD! YOU HALF-BRAINED IDIOT... ARE YOU TRYING TO WRECK THIS TRAIN?



AN EXCITED BRAKEMAN RUSHES INTO THE ENGINE ROOM...



RUNAWAY... A MAN WAS THROWN OFF THE OBSERVATION PLATFORM WHEN YOU STOPPED LIKE THAT!



C'MON, ANDY... THIS IS SERIOUS! NO YOU DON'T! GIMME MY WATCH!



HERE'S YOUR HANGED WATCH! C'MON... YOU'RE COMING WITH ME... I WANT TO SEE YOU AFTER I TAKE CARE OF THIS!



YEAH! IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOUR STUPID WORK, THIS WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED!



AS RUNAWAY REACHES THE REAR OF THE SUPER STREAM-LINER...



IS HE HURT BADLY?



KILLED INSTANTLY!

DEAD! YEAH... AN' IT'S YOUR FAULT! IF YOU HADN'T STOLEN MY WATCH... THIS WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED!



SO-O-O! IT WAS THE FAULT OF THE ENGINEER! STAND WHERE YOU ARE... I'LL SEE THAT YOU PAY FOR MY FRIEND'S DEATH!



IT... IT'LL BE MANSLAUGHTER, RUNAWAY!



I KNOW, ANDY!



OW... THAT BUMP I GOT FROM HITTING THE WIND-SHIELD IS AS SORE AS A BOIL!



JUMPING CATFISH... WAIT A MINUTE! I HIT MY HEAD ON THE WIND-SHIELD... I WAS THROWN FORWARD!



SAY... WAS THERE ANYONE ELSE ON THE PLATFORM BESIDES YOURSELF AND YOUR FRIEND THAT WAS KILLED?

ER... NO... NOT A SOUL!



FINE! MIND IF I LOOK AT YOUR FRIEND'S FACE... THE NAME DR. SHELTON SOUNDS FAMILIAR?

WHAT'S YOUR GAME, BUDD?



"DOC" SHELTON... THE NOTORIOUS CHICAGO RACKETEER!

WHAT'S HE UP TO, BOSS?

SHUT UP, YOU FOOL!



SO YOU KNOW EACH OTHER, EH? I'M BEGINNING TO PIECE ALL THIS TOGETHER... ESPECIALLY WITH "DOC" SHELTON IN THE PICTURE!



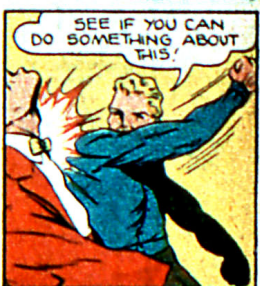
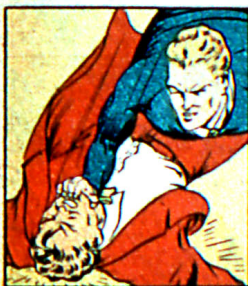
GET BACK! YOU'RE UP FOR A MANSLAUGHTER RAP... AN' I'M GONNA SEE THAT YOU GET IT!

C'MON, BOSS! LET'S GET OUTA HERE!



AS RIXER STEPS BACKWARDS, ANDY STICKS OUT HIS FOOT, TRIPPING HIM! LIKE A FLASH RUNAWAY STREAM AFTER HIS ACCOMPLICES.





ANOTHER EPISODE  
OF  
**RUNAWAY RONIN**  
WILL APPEAR IN  
THE NEXT ISSUE!



# THE WHITE RIDER

AND

## SUPER HORSE

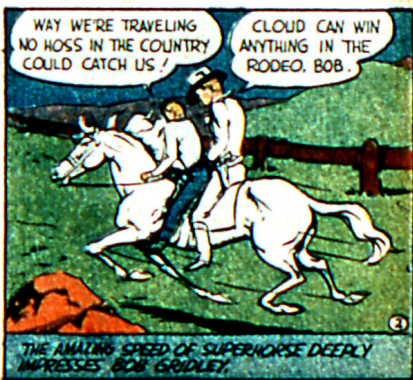
ANOTHER STORY OF THAT AMAZING ANIMAL OF MIGHT AND INTELLIGENCE "SUPERHORSE" DISCOVERED BY THE WHITE RIDER IN THE STRANGE "LOST CANYON", WHERE THE STRONG PULL OF GRAVITY WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR AN EXTRAORDINARY DEVELOPMENT IN SUPERHORSE'S PHYSICAL POWERS. HE HAS BEEN TRAINED BY THE RIDER UNTIL HIS MENTAL ABILITIES ARE NOW ALMOST HUMAN.



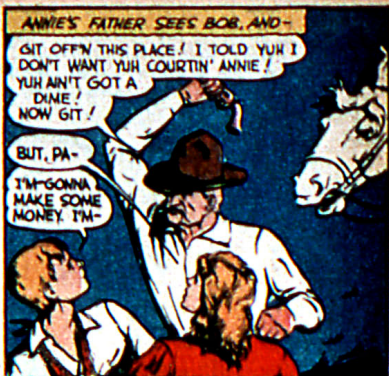
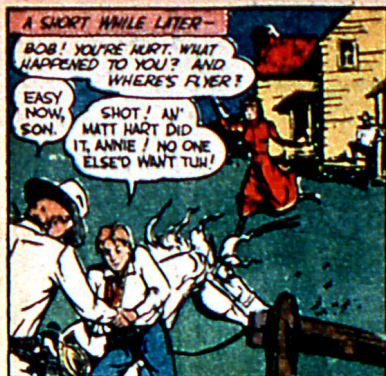
AS THEY REACH THE SCENE OF THE SHOOTING, THREE RIDERS DISAPPEAR OVER A DISTANT KNOLL, AND ON THE GROUND LAY A BOY AND A HORSE.



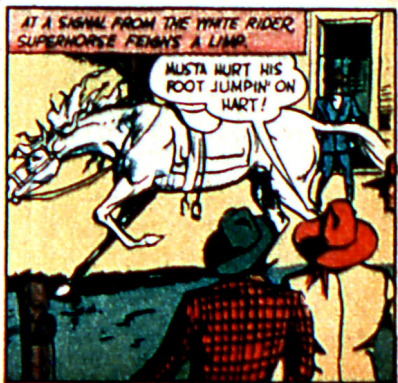
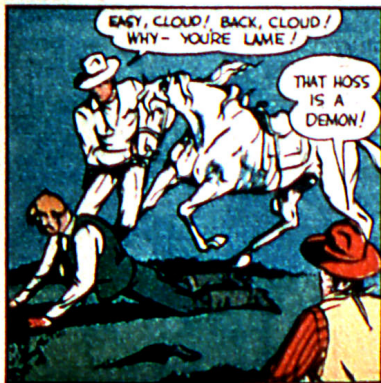




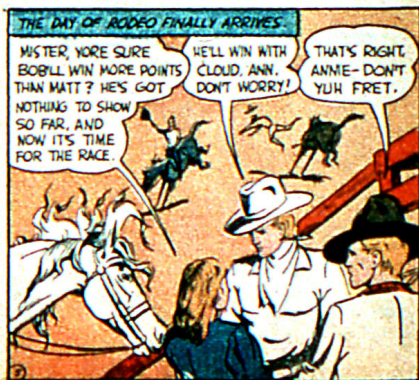
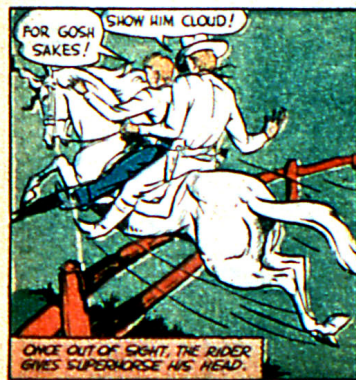
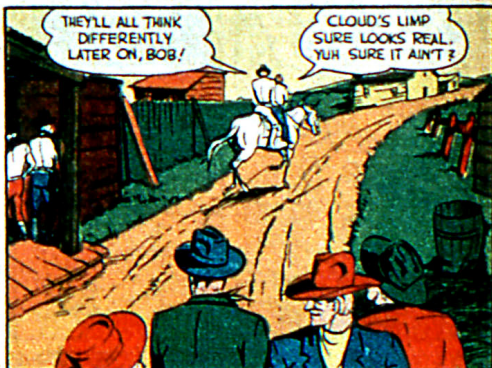
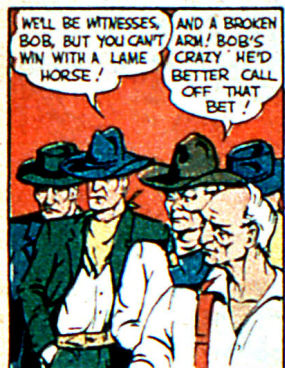








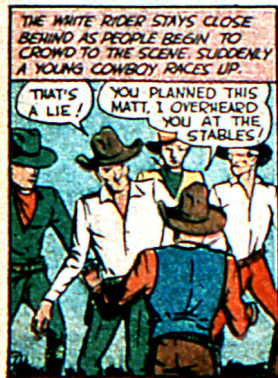
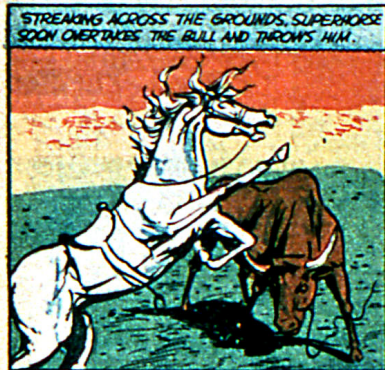
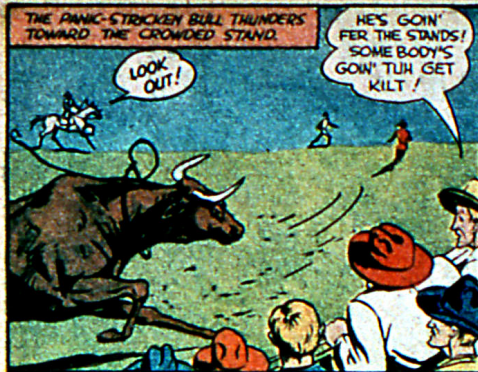














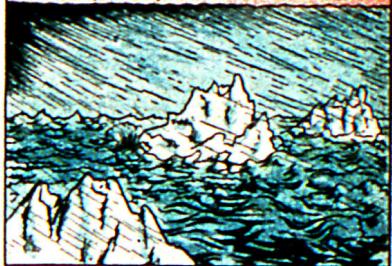
# The PHANTOM SUB



OUR YOUNG ADVENTURERS, THE PHANTOM CREW, AND THEIR SUPER-SUBMARINE, THE PHANTOM SUB, FIND THEMSELVES IN THE CENTER OF THE MOST TERRIFIC, FREAKISH STORM WHICH EVER SWEEPED THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

by BOB

WINDS, BLINDING RAINS, AND WORST OF ALL, HUGE ICEBERGS WHICH HAVE BEEN BLOWN DOWN FROM THE ARCTIC CIRCLE, HAMPER THEIR PROGRESS.



OFF THE NORTHERN COAST OF JAPAN, IN THE PATH OF THIS STORM, LIES THE SMALL ISLAND OF SOUGHII, NOW RAVAGED BY AN EPIDEMIC OF CHOLERA.

THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY DOCTOR IS COURAGEOUSLY BATTLING THE EPIDEMIC, WHEN SUDDENLY -

DOCTOR!  
DOCTOR!

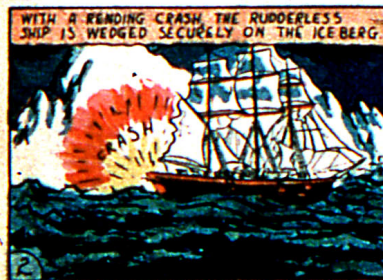
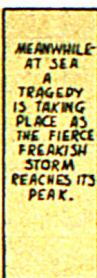
WHAT'S THE MATTER?

THE SUPPLY OF SERUM HAS RUN OUT!

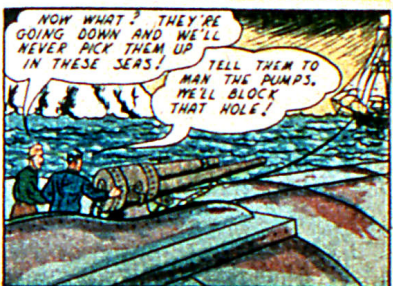
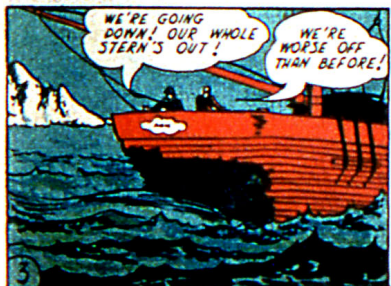
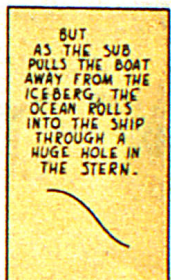
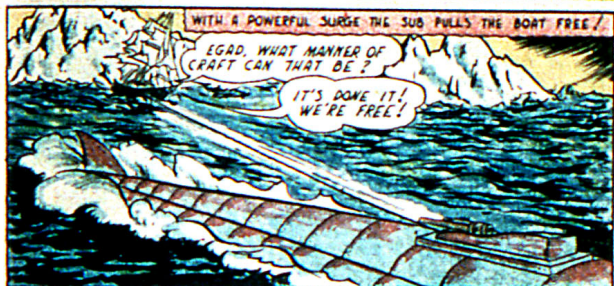
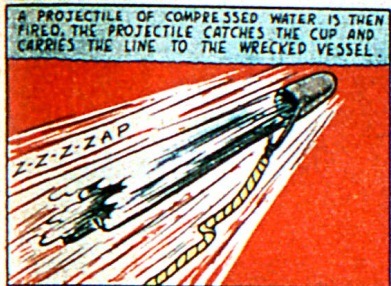
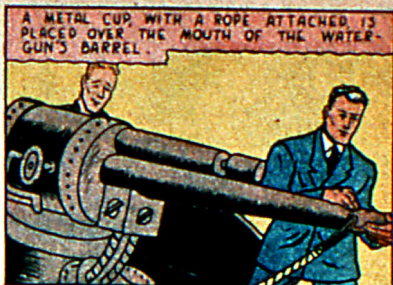
WHAT? IT CAN'T BE! WE'LL NEVER CHECK THE DISEASE WITHOUT IT!





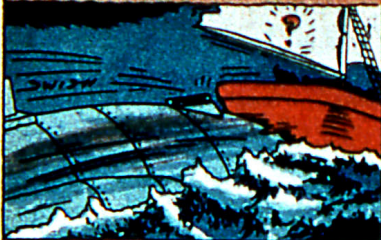








QUICKLY, BUT CAUTIOUSLY, THE SUB PUTS ITS NOSE INTO THE GAPIING HOLE IN THE SHIP'S STERN.



WE'LL BLOW ME DOWN!  
THEY'VE STOPPED THE  
LEAK. I CAN'T  
BELIEVE IT!

IT'S TRUE,  
ALL RIGHT, CAP.  
THAT SUB'S  
SOME BOAT!



IN THIS MANNER, THE PHANTOM SUB PUSHES THE SHIP SAFELY INTO PORT

WELL, WE'RE IN  
SAFE. I WONDER  
WHAT THAT CROWD  
ON THE DOCK  
MEANS?



AT THE DOCK  
THEY LEARN OF THE  
EPIDEMIC OF CHOLERA  
ON SOUGH II ISLAND.  
THE BRAVE DOCTOR  
IS STILL TRYING TO  
GET THE SERUM  
THROUGH TO HIS  
FELLOW DOCTOR ON  
THE ISLAND. BUT  
THE STORM HAS PUT  
ALL TRANSPORTATION  
AT A STANDSTILL.  
SEEING THE  
MARVELOUS RESCUE  
EFFECTED BY THE SUB  
HE APPROACHES THE  
PHANTOM CREW.

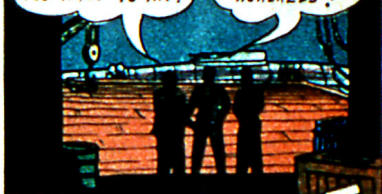
I KNOW IT'S INVITING ANYBODY  
TO COMMIT SUICIDE TO ASK  
THEM TO TRY TO GET  
THROUGH TO SOUGH II, BUT  
YOU'RE THE LAST DIME  
CHANCE. WILL YOU  
TRY?

OF COURSE  
WE'LL TRY.  
WHERE'S THE  
SERUM?



WE'VE GOT THE  
SERUM RIGHT HERE.  
THE MEN WILL LOAD IT  
ON. ARE YOU SURE  
YOU WANT TO TRY?

YES, WE DO!  
WHAT ARE OUR  
FEW LIVES WHEN  
WE MAY SAVE  
HUNDREDS?



SOON ALL IS READY.

SOUGH IS THIRTY MILES DUE NORTH. A REEF  
ENCIRCLES THE ISLAND, THROUGH WHICH IS BUT  
ONE ENTRANCE. THIS IS MARKED BY A POINTED  
ROCK. LOOK FOR THAT ROCK AN' BEST OF LUCK!

THANKS, WE'LL  
NEED IT!

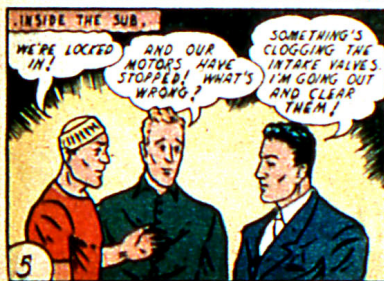
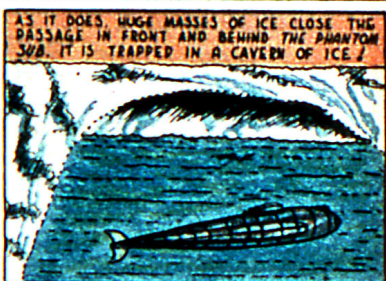
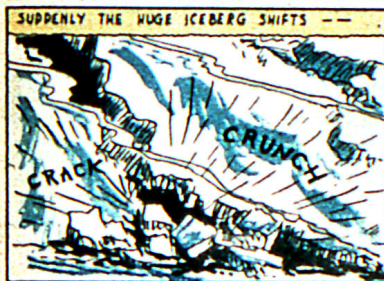


NOW I KNOW WHO THEY  
ARE! THAT'S THE  
PHANTOM SUB! THOSE  
MEN ARE OUTLAWS!  
CRIMINALS!

THEY MAY BE  
OUTLAWS IN  
THE EYES OF  
OTHERS, BUT TO  
ME THEY'RE THE  
BRAVEST MEN IN  
THE WORLD!









ARMED WITH ONLY A KNIFE, JACK ATTACKS, AND —



AFTER A TERRIFIC STRUGGLE FREES THE INTAKE VALVES.



THEN AS THE DEAD OCTOPUS REACHES THE SURFACE IT DISINTEGRATES WITH A SICKENING SOUND!



WOW! WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT? -- OH, I SEE. THE SUB, TAKING IN THE WATER FOR ITS WATER-DRIVEN ENGINES, AND OTHER PURPOSES, IS QUICKLY USING UP THE WATER IN THIS CAVERN. THE LOWERING WATER IS LEAVING A VACUUM! WOW, WHAT A SPOT WE'RE IN! I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO THE SUB!



BACK IN THE SUB, JACK OUTLINES THE SITUATION.

SO, SOON WE'LL HAVE USED UP ALL THE WATER AND THIS CAVERN WILL BE ONE LARGE VACUUM. WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT BEFORE THAT HAPPENS! I'LL TRY TO BLAST OUR WAY OUT WITH THE GUN.



PROJECTILE AFTER PROJECTILE IS SHOT AT THE ICY WALLS, BUT TO NO AVAIL.



IT'S NO USE, THAT ICE IS TOO THICK! NOW WHAT?

THERE'S GOT TO BE SOME WAY OUT! HAS ANYBODY ANY IDEAS?

I'VE GOT ONE. IT SOUNDS CRAZY, BUT IT MIGHT WORK.

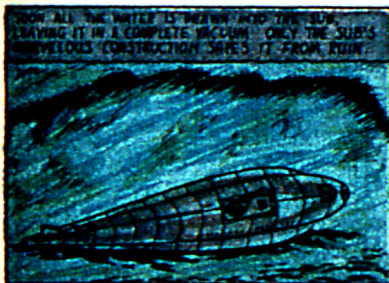
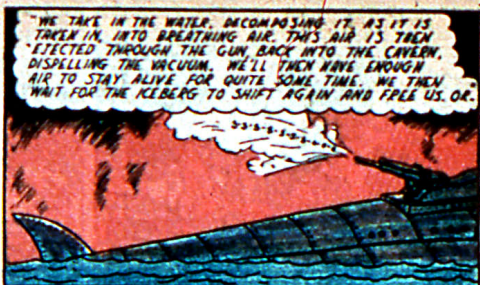


WELL, WHAT IS IT, TED? ANYTHING WILL BE BETTER THAN THIS WAITING!

MY PLAN ENTAILS USING ALL THE WATER LEFT IN THE CAVERN, AND GIVES US TWO VERY SLIM CHANCES.









THE TERRIFIC CONCUSSION STUNS THE PHANTOM CREW.



BUT THE PROJECTILE DID ITS WORK, AND INTO THE CAVERN POURS THE PRECIOUS WATER.



THE CREW REVIVES.



JACK, IT DID IT! WE'RE SAVED!

YES, THANKS TO TED AND HIS FERTILE BRAIN.

AW, IT WAS NOTHING.

LET'S GET GOING, FELLOWS! WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT SERUM TO SOUGH ISLAND IN A HURRY! START THE MOTORS!



FREE FROM ITS PRISON OF ICE, THE PHANTOM SUB IS SOON SPEEDING ON ITS WAY.



SAFELY WITHIN THE REEF, THEY REACH THE CHOLERA-RAVAGED ISLAND.



YOU'VE ARRIVED IN THE NICK OF TIME. WE WERE JUST ABOUT TO GIVE UP HOPE. BUT NOW WE HAVE A CHANCE AND WE'LL BEAT THIS PLAGUE!



THE TIMELY ARRIVAL OF THE SERUM CHECKS THE EPIDEMIC. THE WORK DONE. THE PHANTOM CREW IS LEAVING.

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU, BUT FOR YOU WORDS ARE MEN, AND YOUR MARVELOUS ENOUGH, SUBMARINE, MANY LIVES WOULD BE LOST!

YOUR KIND WORDS ARE MEN, AND YOUR MARVELOUS ENOUGH, SUBMARINE, MANY LIVES WOULD BE LOST!



IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLUE BOLT COMICS

ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE OF The PHANTOM SUB



# HERE ARE THE WINNERS OF THE "WHY I LIKE BLUE BOLT" CONTEST

Thousands of entries were received on the BLUE BOLT best feature contest which ended June 12, 1940. The attractiveness of the artwork and the great originality of the replies indicated that contestants spent many an hour to show us just how much they liked BLUE BOLT. The judges had a hard time deciding on the winners.

To the lucky winners, BLUE BOLT extends its heartiest congratulations. To those readers who entered the contest but did not quite get into the prize winning column, BLUE BOLT sends its sincere thanks with a genuine wish for better luck next time.

To all fans BLUE BOLT expresses the wish that you will continue to ride the trails of adventure, excitement and humor with BLUE BOLT and we again point out that *every reader can be a prize winner* simply by clipping the valuable coupons that appear in each issue.

## FIRST PRIZE WINNER—\$10.00

MICHAEL DEMKO . . . . . BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

## SECOND PRIZE WINNER—\$5.00

BETTY JANE JOHNSON . . . . . ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

## THIRD, FOURTH and FIFTH PRIZE WINNERS — \$3.00 EACH

RAYMOND LAWTON . . . . . SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK

WALTER DUST . . . . . CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

LAWRENCE BEAN . . . . . SOMERVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS

## SIXTH, SEVENTH and EIGHTH PRIZE WINNERS — \$2.50 EACH

BOBBIE HANSON . . . . . WINTHROP, MASSACHUSETTS

JOSEPH GORMAN . . . . . GLOUCESTER, NEW JERSEY

LESLIE THAYER, JR. . . . . CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

## NINTH THROUGH FOURTEENTH PRIZE WINNERS — \$2.00 EACH

GERARD WILSON . . . . . NEW YORK, NEW YORK

RENA SELTERS . . . . . SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

STANLEY WINTERS . . . . . WEST CHELMSFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

RICHARD CAUDELL . . . . . WEST PALM BEACH, FLORIDA

DONALD CLAIR YOHE . . . . . YORK, PENNSYLVANIA

TEDDY FRANKLIN . . . . . CRIPPLE CREEK, COLORADO

## FIFTEENTH THROUGH TWENTY-FIFTH PRIZE WINNERS — \$1.00 EACH

JOHN BEECHER . . . . . MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA

FRANCELE MADARIS . . . . . ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA

EVA SCHAEFFER . . . . . HAPPY, TEXAS

CORT VERNON . . . . . CORAL GABLES, FLORIDA

BILL LACKER . . . . . NORWOOD, OHIO

ANDREA SHARUM . . . . . CENTRAL CITY, COLORADO

CHRISTINA GALAYDA . . . . . PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

ALLAN M. PARRENT . . . . . FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

TERRY CLARK . . . . . PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

CHARLES MAGROW . . . . . NEW YORK, NEW YORK

DUDLEY DAVIS . . . . . GORDO, ALABAMA





# BOY! LOOK AT THESE BARGAINS!

**OUTDOOR  
KNIFE  
MO-101**



**75c**  
Drop-forged steel; shin-bone stag handle. Guard protects hand while using knife. Leather sheath included.

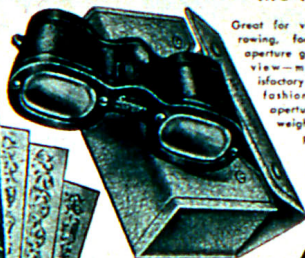
**MAIL  
YOUR  
ORDER  
TODAY**

**40c**  
*Knife  
is Actual  
Size*  
**MO-125**



Concealed rivets; imitation pearl handle; brass lining; one highly polished blade; one nail file blade. Comes in a gift box. A splendid gift for Dad or big Brother.

**LAN-DEE  
(1 3-4" x 2 1-16")**



**DELUXE SPORTSTER  
MO-122 \$1.25**

Great for viewing all sports—rowing, football, etc. Oval aperture gives a wide field view—much more satisfactory than the old fashioned circular aperture. Feather-weight; fits the pocket.

**MO-123**

**30c  
FOUNTAIN  
PEN**



Standard type; self-filling; extra large ink capacity. 14 kt. gold plated point; medium only. Just a few left.

**SPECIAL "6-4-5" OFFER  
SIX FOR THE COST OF FIVE!**

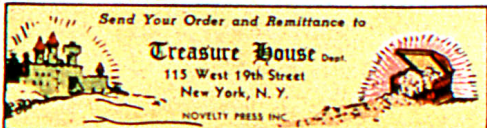
Get five of your friends to order one each of the same prize and to pay you for it. Mail the name and address of each of these persons to TREASURE HOUSE, together with a money order—or your Father's check—for the cost of the five and we'll send one of that same prize to you FREE.

**MO-124 35c  
BILLFOLD and  
COIN PURSE**

Just what you have been looking for. Carries 1c, 5c, 10c and 25c coins, in addition to currency. Visible identification pocket; card pocket at each end. State initial you want stamped.



Send Your Order and Remittance to



**Treasure House** Dept.

115 West 19th Street  
New York, N. Y.

NOVELTY PRESS INC.





# BOY! LOOK AT THESE BARGAINS!

**OUTDOOR KNIFE MO-101**



**75c**

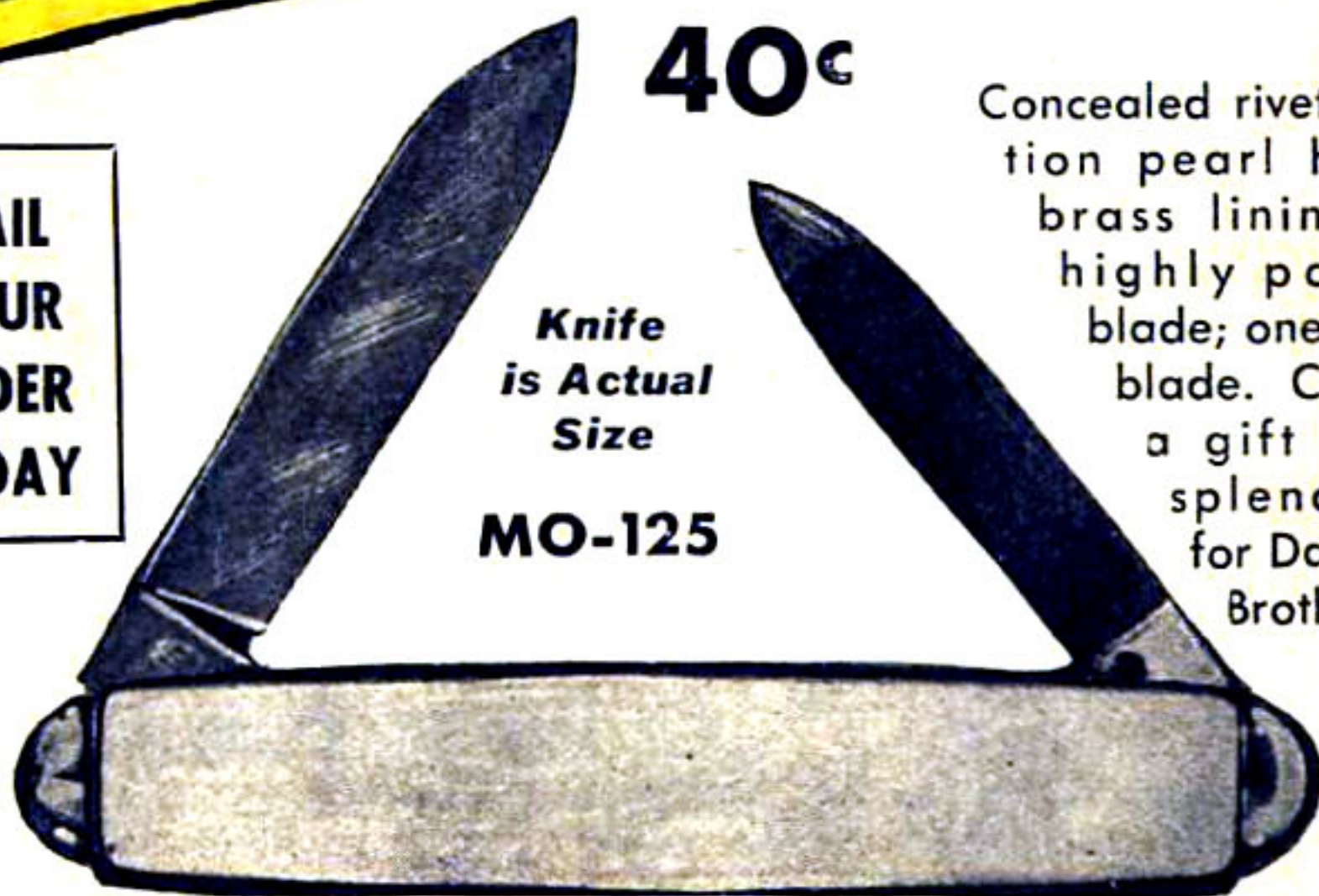
Drop-forged steel; shin-bone stag handle. Guard protects hand while using knife. Leather sheath included.

**MAIL YOUR ORDER TODAY**

**40c**

*Knife is Actual Size*

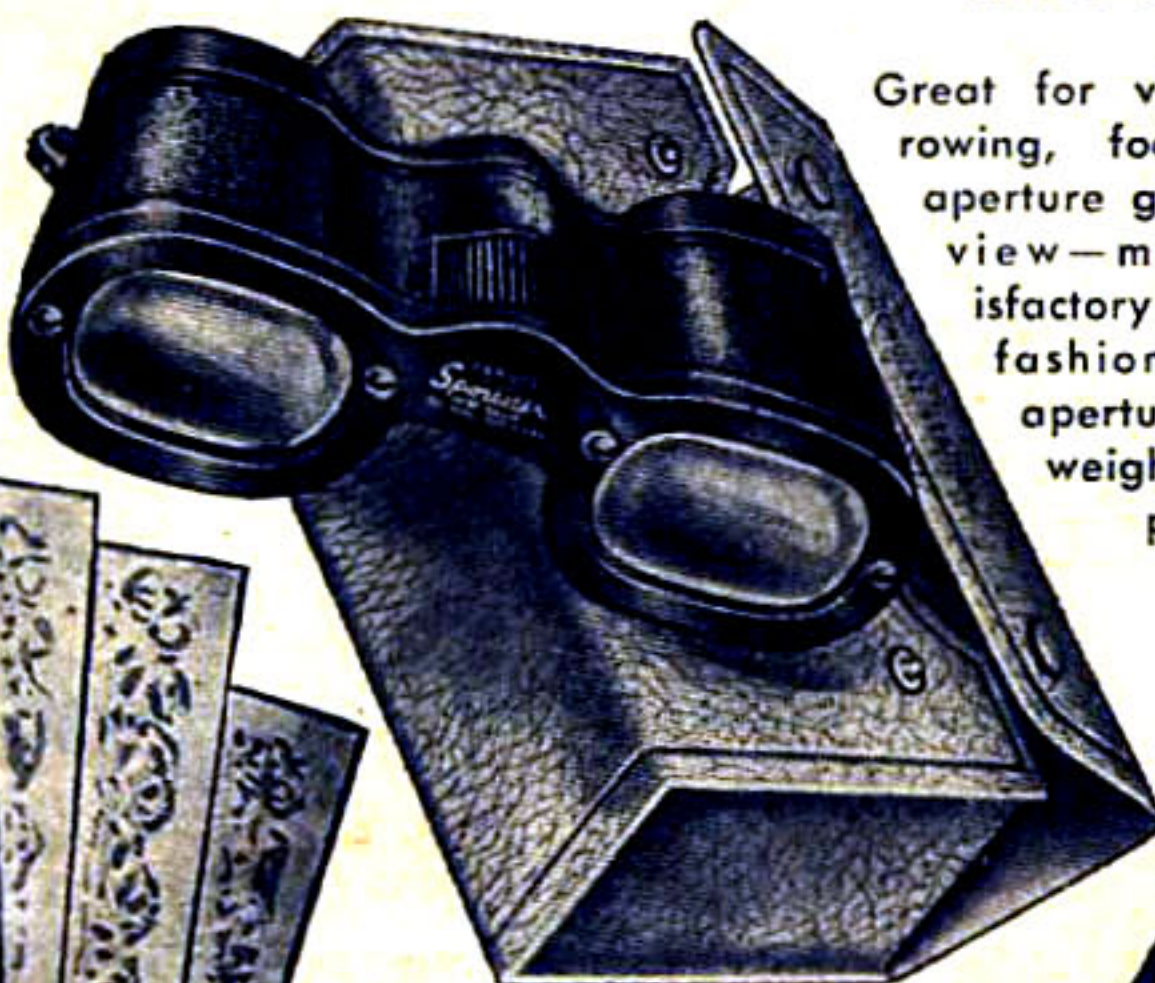
**MO-125**



Concealed rivets; imitation pearl handle; brass lining; one highly polished blade; one nail file blade. Comes in a gift box. A splendid gift for Dad or big Brother.

**LAN-DEE**

(1 3-4" x 2 1-16")



**DELUXE SPORTSTER MO-122 \$1.25**

Great for viewing all sports—rowing, football, etc. Oval aperture gives a wide field view—much more satisfactory than the old fashioned circular aperture. Feather-weight; fits the pocket.

**MO-123**

**30c**

**FOUNTAIN PEN**



Standard type; self-filling; extra large ink capacity. 14 kt. gold plated point; medium only. Just a few left.

**SPECIAL "6-4-5" OFFER SIX FOR THE COST OF FIVE!**

Get five of your friends to order one each of the same prize and to pay you for it. Mail the name and address of each of these persons to TREASURE HOUSE, together with a money order—or your Father's check—for the cost of the five and we'll send one of that same prize to you FREE.



**MO-124 35c BILLFOLD and COIN PURSE**

Just what you have been looking for. Carries 1c, 5c, 10c and 25c coins, in addition to currency. Visible identification pocket; card pocket at each end. State initial you want stamped.

Send Your Order and Remittance to

**Treasure House** Dept.

115 West 19th Street  
New York, N. Y.

NOVELTY PRESS INC.

